



WILLINGHAM BUCKINGHAM LEIALOHA PEPOY

FABLES™

NO. 10

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

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WINNER OF
7 EISNER AWARDS

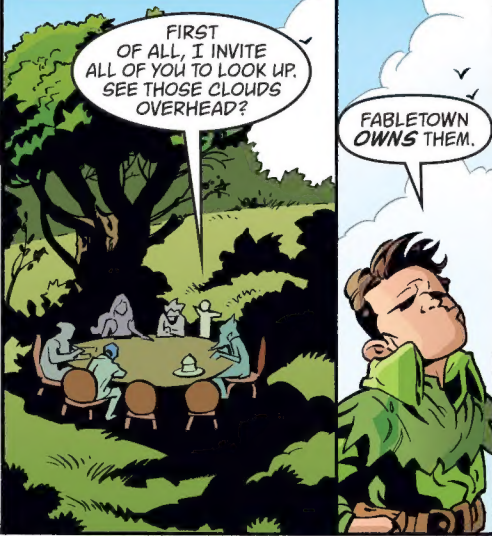
VERTIGO

Plus
a backup
story
by
INAKI MIRANDA

THE HOMELANDS, WHERE THE CONFERENCE TO DETERMINE THE FATE OF FABLETOWN IS STILL UNDER WAY.

FIRST OF ALL, I INVITE ALL OF YOU TO LOOK UP. SEE THOSE CLOUDS OVERHEAD?

FABLETOWN OWNS THEM.



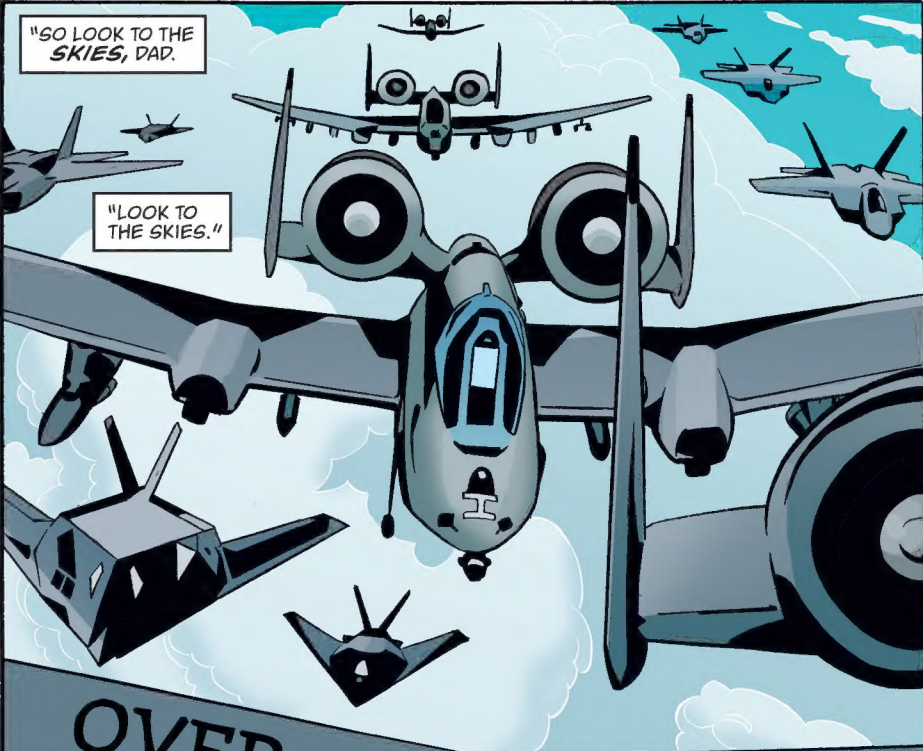
"WE KNOW THIS BECAUSE THAT'S HOW BIGBY WOLF GOT IN AND OUT OF THE HOMELANDS TO ATTACK US.

"HIS BURIED PARACHUTE, DISCOVERED DAYS AGO, AND THE REMAINS OF THE DESTROYED BEANSTALK PROVIDE INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE OF THAT.



"SO LOOK TO THE SKIES, DAD.

"LOOK TO THE SKIES."



OVER THERE
part Four of
SONS OF EMPIRE

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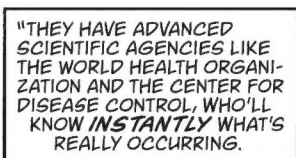
"THAT'S WHERE
THEY'LL COME
FROM WHEN THEY
DESTROY US."





"IT WILL START WITHIN DAYS AFTER YOUR FIRST PLAGUE ASSAULT ON THE MUNDY WORLD."

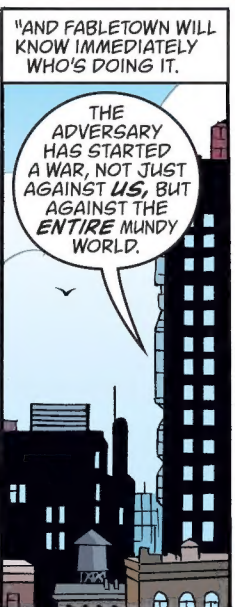
YOU CAN'T SEE ME, BUT I'M KILLING YOU.



"THE VECTORS PROVE THESE AREN'T NATURAL OUTBREAKS. WE'RE UNDER WORLDWIDE ATTACK."



BIOLOGICAL WARFARE ON A VAST SCALE.



"AND FABLETOWN WILL KNOW IMMEDIATELY WHO'S DOING IT."

THE ADVERSARY HAS STARTED A WAR, NOT JUST AGAINST US, BUT AGAINST THE ENTIRE MUNDY WORLD.



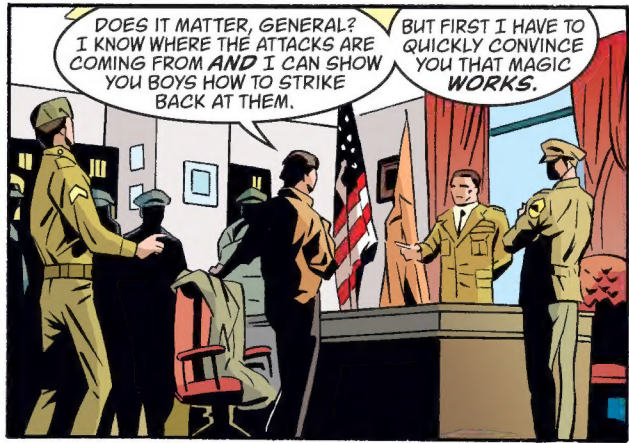
"CAN YOU POSSIBLY IMAGINE THEY'LL JUST SIT AROUND WAITING TO DIE?"

AND WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN SHOW THE MUNDYS HOW AND WHERE TO FIGHT BACK.

SO, AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES, IT'S TIME FOR US TO FINALLY COME OUT OF THE CLOSET?

YUP, AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE TO START.





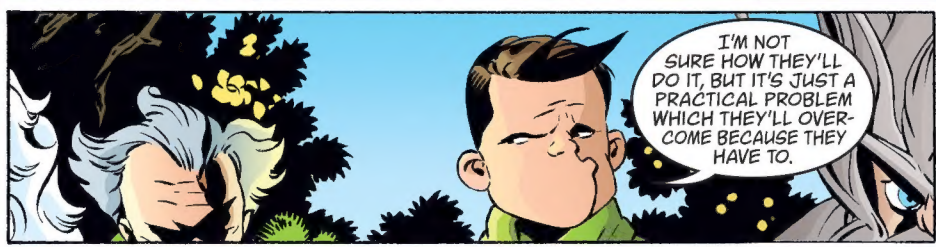
"LET'S ASSUME THEY'LL BE ABLE TO WORK OUT SOME WAY TO GET ALL OF THEIR WAR EQUIPMENT UP TO THE CLOUD KINGDOM.



THE MAGIC BEANSTALK LEADS TO THE DIMENSION OF THE CLOUD KINGDOMS, WHO HOLD THE HIGH GROUND OVER OUR ENEMY WORLDS.

WORLDS? AS IN, PLURAL?

HOW WILL WE GET OUR TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT UP THAT?



I'M NOT SURE HOW THEY'LL DO IT, BUT IT'S JUST A PRACTICAL PROBLEM WHICH THEY'LL OVERCOME BECAUSE THEY HAVE TO.



WE'LL DO ALL OF THE HEAVY LIFTING FOR YOU. YOU SEE, WE CAME INTO POSSESSION OF A GENII IN A BOTTLE WHO HAS TO OBEY OUR COMMANDS.

I SUSPECT HE COULD HOIST AN ENTIRE AIRCRAFT CARRIER UP THE BEANSTALK IN A SINGLE TRIP.



"SOONER, RATHER THAN LATER, THEY'LL START TRANSPORTING ALL MANNER OF STUFF INTO THE CLOUDS OVER OUR HEADS.



ONCE YOU MOUNT THE TRANSPORT PLATE, STRAP IN! IT'S A BUMPY RIDE!

"TANKS, ARTILLERY, FIGHTER JETS, BOMBERS--EVERYTHING IN THEIR VAST MUNDY ARSENALS.

TOO FAST! TOO FAST! I THINK I'M GONNA--



SARGE, WILSON JUST PUKED!

"AND ENTIRE ARMIES OF MEN--ANY ONE OF WHICH COULD TAKE OUT A FULL HORDE OF OUR OWN GUYS."

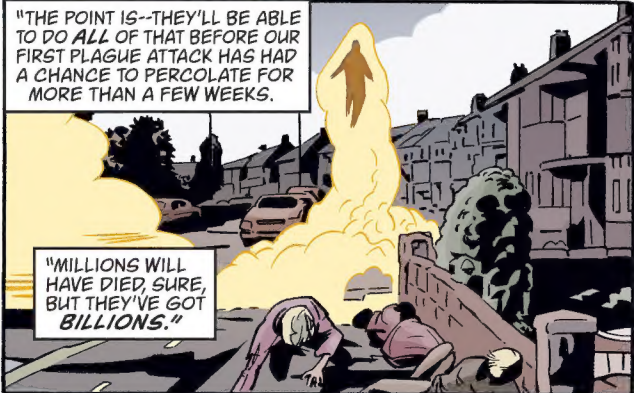


THE FASTER YOU LADIES UNSTRAP AND MOVE OFF THE TRANSPORT PLATE, THE FASTER MR. GENII CAN GO GET YOUR BUDDIES!

OKAY, I MAY BE EXAGGERATING ABOUT THAT LAST BIT, BUT NOT BY MUCH.



"THE POINT IS--THEY'LL BE ABLE TO DO ALL OF THAT BEFORE OUR FIRST PLAGUE ATTACK HAS HAD A CHANCE TO PERCOLATE FOR MORE THAN A FEW WEEKS.



"MILLIONS WILL HAVE DIED, SURE, BUT THEY'VE GOT BILLIONS."

"AND THOSE BILLIONS WILL BE MAD."

ATTENTION TO ORDERS! IDENTIFY THE COLOR OF YOUR PENNANTS AND FOLLOW THOSE PENNANTS TO YOUR UNIT'S STAGING AREA.

THE QUICKER YOU LADIES FIND YOUR DESIGNATED DROP ZONE, THE QUICKER YOU GET TO START CAPPING THE ENEMY!

SO WHO'S THE ENEMY ANYWAY?

ANY STINKING MEEVIL YOU FIND.

MEEVIL?

SHORT FOR MEDIEVAL PEOPLE. I HEARD SOMEONE OVER AT DIVISION HQ CALL THEM THAT.

I HEARD THE RULES OF ENGAGEMENT ARE WIDE OPEN THIS TIME. ANYONE NOT FULLY AND CONVINCINGLY PROSTRATE IN TOTAL SURRENDER IS A QUALIFIED TARGET.

THAT'S TRUE-- EVEN IF THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE WEAPONS. BECAUSE SOME OF THEM CAN DO MAGIC.

HOW CAN WE FIGHT MAGIC GUYS, SARGE?

SIMPLE. DROP THEM FROM 300 METERS AWAY WITH A FIVE-POINT-SIX-TWO ROUND TRAVELING AT 3282 FEET PER SECOND.

I 'SPECT THAT'LL INTERRUPT THEIR MUMBO JUMBO JUST FINE.

BUT NOBODY SHOOT THE GIANT WOLF. HE'S WITH US.

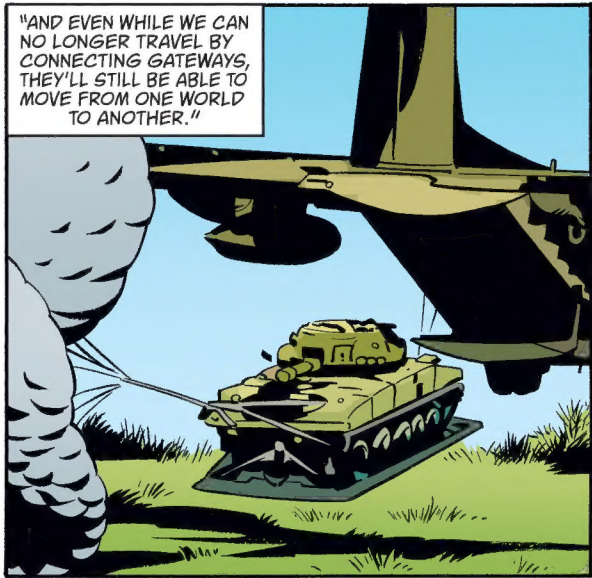
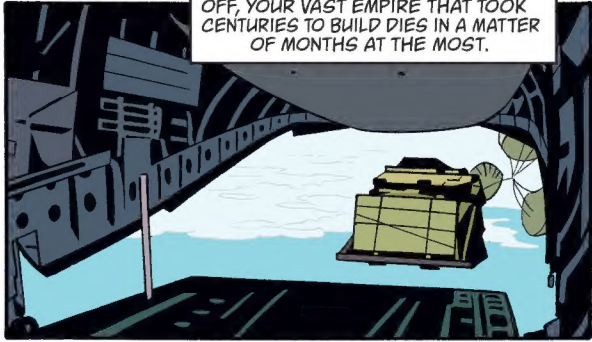
'SIDES, I HEARD ALL YOU'D DO IS JUST MAKE HIM REALLY MAD.

"THEY MIGHT INVADE EVERY WORLD AT ONCE, BUT A BETTER GUESS IS THEY CUT OFF OUR GATEWAYS WITH THEIR TACTICAL NUKES TO LEISURELY PICK OFF EACH WORLD ONE BY ONE.



"BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR LAST PENNY THAT THEY'LL HIT THE IMPERIAL HOMEWORLD FIRST.

"AND WITH ALL INTERWORLD TRAVEL AND COMMUNICATION SUDDENLY CUT OFF, YOUR VAST EMPIRE THAT TOOK CENTURIES TO BUILD DIES IN A MATTER OF MONTHS AT THE MOST.



"AND EVEN WHILE WE CAN NO LONGER TRAVEL BY CONNECTING GATEWAYS, THEY'LL STILL BE ABLE TO MOVE FROM ONE WORLD TO ANOTHER."

"THEY JUST NEED TO FIND THE RIGHT PART OF THE CLOUD KINGDOM FROM WHICH TO DROP DOWN ON ANY WORLD THEY WANT."

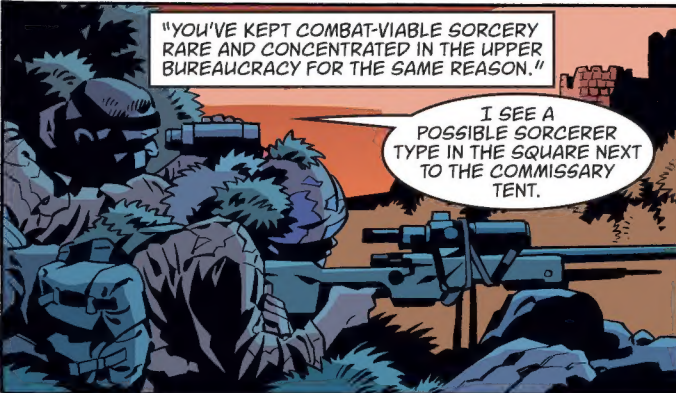


"WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING THAT CAN STAND UP TO THEM. YOU'VE KEPT ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY OUT OF THE EMPIRE BECAUSE YOU FEAR A REVOLT."



"YOU'VE KEPT COMBAT-VIABLE SORCERY RARE AND CONCENTRATED IN THE UPPER BUREAUCRACY FOR THE SAME REASON."

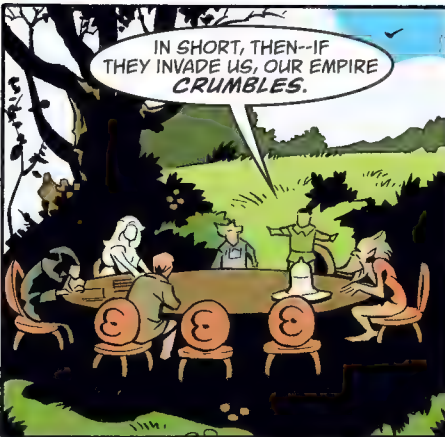
I SEE A POSSIBLE SORCERER TYPE IN THE SQUARE NEXT TO THE COMMISSARY TENT.



I'VE GOT HIM. GET READY TO REPORT A KILL.



"OUR TYPE OF EMPIRE ONLY SURVIVES AS LONG AS AN ELITE FEW HAVE ALL THE POWER. PROBLEM IS, SUCH STRUCTURES ARE EXTRA VULNERABLE TO AN OUTSIDE FORCE."



IN SHORT, THEN-IF THEY INVADE US, OUR EMPIRE **CRUMBLES.**



HOW CAN YOU BE SURE THEY'LL HAVE THE **WILL** TO DO WHAT THEY HAVE THE **POWER** TO DO?



ARE YOU **KIDDING** ME? BIO AGENTS ARE CONSIDERED WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION. THEY'LL GO TO WAR **ALL** RIGHT.

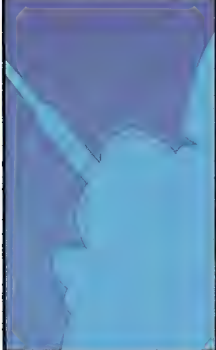
U.S. ARMED FORCES RECRUITING STATION

ARMY • NAVY • AIR FORCE • MARINES

A panel showing a recruiting station sign. The sign is white with black text and features four circular icons representing the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines. Below the icons, the text reads "ARMY • NAVY • AIR FORCE • MARINES".

"IN FACT, AS SOON AS THEY REALIZE THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF WORLDS HERE, PRIMITIVE AND RIPE FOR CONQUEST, THEY'LL BE TURNING AWAY VOLUNTEERS AT EVERY RECRUITING STATION."

"AND THE ARMIES OF EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD WILL WANT TO GET IN ON IT, SO THEY CAN CLAIM SOME OF THE CONQUERED WORLDS AS THEIR OWN."



WHO ARE YOU GUYS AGAIN?

CAREFUL, YANK. WE'RE ALLIES. I'M ESCORTING THESE CZECH TROOPS BACK TO ZONE ONE FOR LANGUAGE TRAINING.

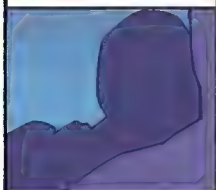
"THEY'LL CARVE UP THE CORPSE OF OUR FORMER EMPIRE LIKE A CHRISTMAS TURKEY."



THEY GOT ASSIGNED A WORLD CALLED SKRIBNUTCH (OR SOMETHING LIKE IT) TO INVADE.

WE-- KILL--GOOD--BIG--TIMES!

"COMMON FOOT-SOLDIERS FROM THE MUNDY WORLD WILL BECOME THE NEW GENTRY OF A MILLION TINY KINGDOMS."



I'M--IS--NEW--DUKE--OF--GLEN!

I'VE GOT MY EYE ON A COZY VALLEY DOWN THE WAY THAT NEEDS A NEW KING.

"HELL, YOUR ATTACK WILL PROBABLY UNITE ALL THE NATIONS OF THE MUNDY WORLD FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY."



DID YOU HEAR WHAT THE RUSSIANS ARE DOING TO THAT RUS FABLE WORLD? I HEARD REPORTS IT'S A CHARNEL HOUSE.

WHO CARES? ANY MEEVIL SCUMSACK DESERVES WHAT HE GETS.

"WHY WAR WITH EACH OTHER WHILE THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF NEW LANDS FRESH FOR THE PICKING?"



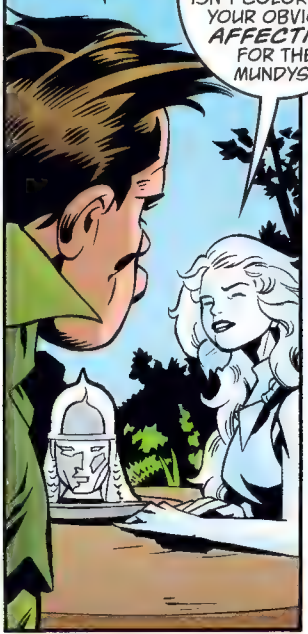
LET THE RUSSIANS DO WHAT THEY WANT.

"IN A YEAR, BUT PROBABLY LESS, THE MUNDYS WILL HAVE CONQUERED EVERYTHING-- AT LEAST EVERYTHING NOT OUTRIGHT DESTROYED."



WE WON'T LIVE TO SEE IT, OF COURSE.

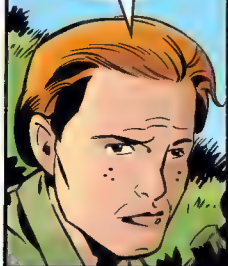
YOU PAINT A BLEAK PICTURE, YOUNG PINOCCHIO, BUT I WONDER IF IT ISN'T COLORED BY YOUR OBVIOUS AFFECTION FOR THE MUNDYS?



YOU THINK I'M LYING? THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE, LADY. ASK MY POP. HE ZAPPED ME WITH HIS LOYALTY JUICE.



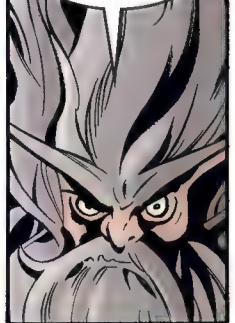
PINOCCHIO CAN'T HELP BUT TELL US WHAT TO HIS KNOWLEDGE IS BEST FOR FATHER GEPPETTO, AND THEREFORE THE EMPIRE.



IT'S TRUE. MY SON MAY NOT KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THE MUNDY WORLD AND THEIR WAYS, BUT HE CAN'T INTENTIONALLY MISLEAD US.



THEN WE CAN'T INVADÉ THEM AS PLANNED. IT WOULD BE DISASTROUS FOR US.



I AGREE. WE'VE BEEN WASTING OUR TIME HERE. BEST WE ALL GO HOME.

LUMI, THIS IS YOUR MEETING. WILL YOU END IT OFFICIALLY?



VERY WELL.



MANHATTAN--
IN THE MUNDY
WORLD.

THEY'VE
TAKEN UP RESIDENCE
JUST AROUND THE CORNER
IN A BROWNSTONE ON
ANDERSON STREET.

AMBASSADOR
HANSEL AND AT LEAST
FOUR OTHERS, ALL MALE,
ALL HOMELANDS FABLES,
WE PRESUME. WE DON'T
HAVE NAMES FOR
THEM YET.

SO FAR
THEY'VE SHOPPED FOR
CLOTHES AND GROCERIES
AND WANDERED AROUND THE CITY
LIKE **TOURISTS**. TWO OF THEM
EVEN TOOK A CIRCLE LINE BOAT
TOUR AROUND THE
ISLAND.

LEARNING
THEIR WAY AROUND
TOWN IS EXACTLY WHAT
INNOCENT PEOPLE **WOULD**
DO. THEN AGAIN IT'S ALSO
EXACTLY WHAT **SPIES**
WOULD NEED TO
DO.

TRUE
ENOUGH, I
GUESS.
WHAT DO YOU
WANT TO DO
NEXT?

CONTINUE
KEEPING THEM UNDER
CLOSE SURVEILLANCE. TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS A DAY. THAT'S ALL
WE CAN DO FOR NOW, UNTIL
THEY MAKE THEIR FIRST
PLAY.

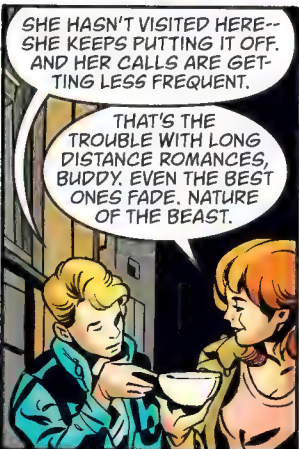
THE FARM--FABLETOWN'S
UPSTATE ANNEX.



WHY
SO BLUE,
BLUE?

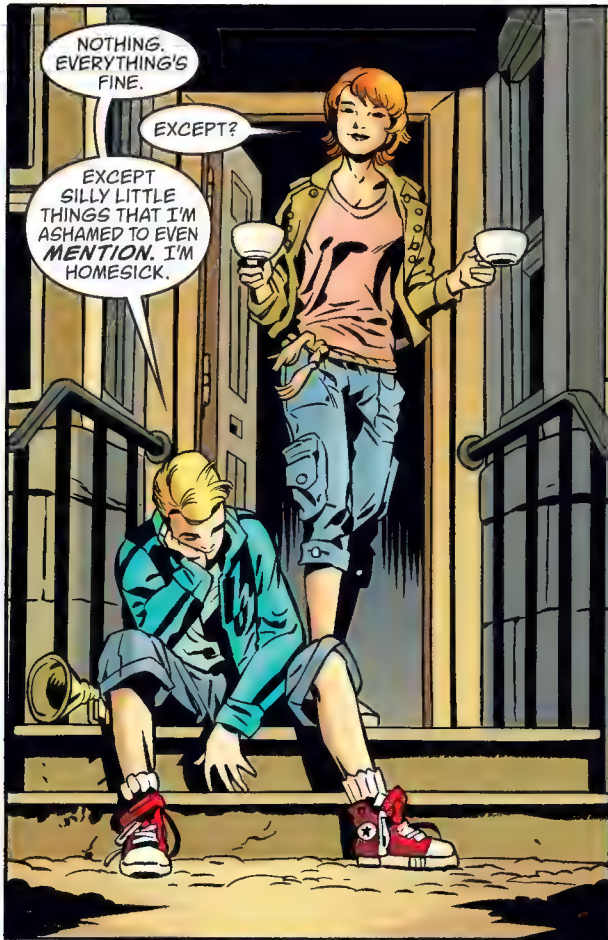


I MISS WORKING
IN THE BUSINESS OFFICE,
KEEPING BUFKIN BUSY AND
AWAY FROM THE LIQUOR
CABINET, AND I MISS FLY
AND, YOU KNOW...
OTHERS.



SHE HASN'T VISITED HERE--
SHE KEEPS PUTTING IT OFF.
AND HER CALLS ARE GET-
TING LESS FREQUENT.

THAT'S THE
TROUBLE WITH LONG
DISTANCE ROMANCES,
BUDDY. EVEN THE BEST
ONES FADE. NATURE
OF THE BEAST.



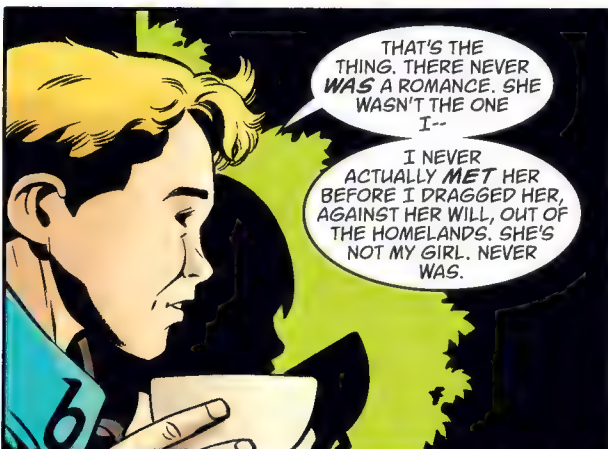
NOTHING.
EVERYTHING'S
FINE.

EXCEPT?

EXCEPT
SILLY LITTLE
THINGS THAT I'M
ASHAMED TO EVEN
MENTION. I'M
HOMESICK.



YOU
MEAN RIDING
HOOD.



THAT'S THE
THING. THERE NEVER
WAS A ROMANCE. SHE
WASN'T THE ONE
I--

I NEVER
ACTUALLY MET HER
BEFORE I DRAGGED HER,
AGAINST HER WILL, OUT OF
THE HOMELANDS. SHE'S
NOT MY GIRL. NEVER
WAS.



CHRIST, ALMIGHTY, LISTEN TO ME WHINE AND CRY LIKE A LITTLE GIRL.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PROVE YOU'RE A REAL MANLY MAN TO ANYONE, STUDD. I READ WHAT YOU DID IN THE HOMELANDS--AT LEAST THE PARTS THEY'D LET ME READ.

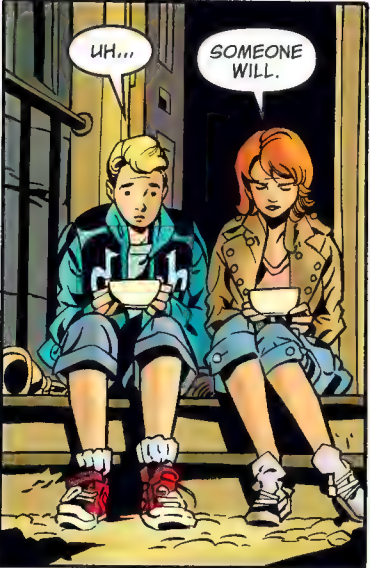
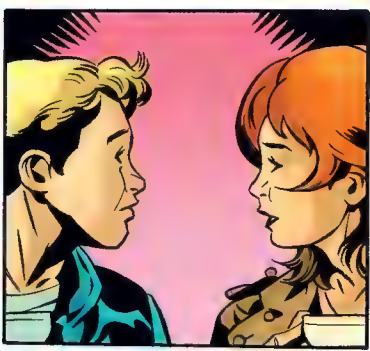


YOU'RE THE SWASHBUCKLER SUPREME, BLUE--WHAT ERROL FLYNN AT HIS BEST ONLY PRETEND-ED TO BE.

SOME LUCKY GIRL WILL SNATCH YOU UP IN NO TIME.



TRUST ME, THIS I KNOW.

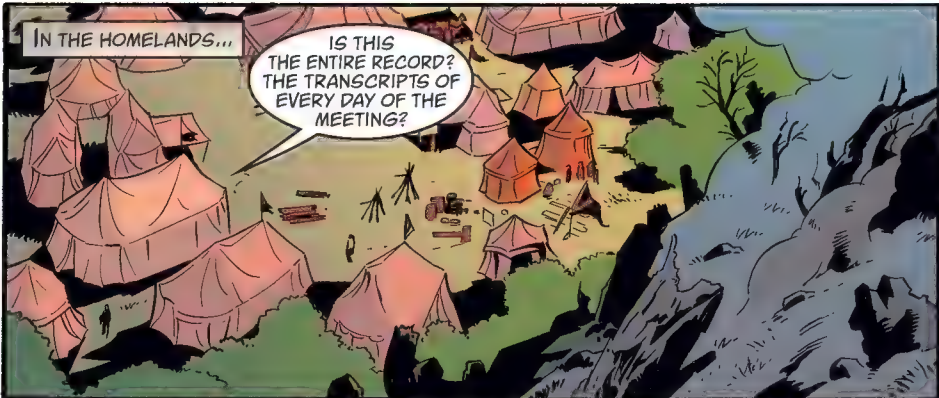


UH...

SOMEONE WILL.

IN THE HOMELANDS...

IS THIS THE ENTIRE RECORD? THE TRANSCRIPTS OF EVERY DAY OF THE MEETING?



YOU'VE HELD BACK NO NOTES? NOT EVEN A STRAY SCRIBBLE?

YES, IT'S EVERYTHING. COMPLETE.



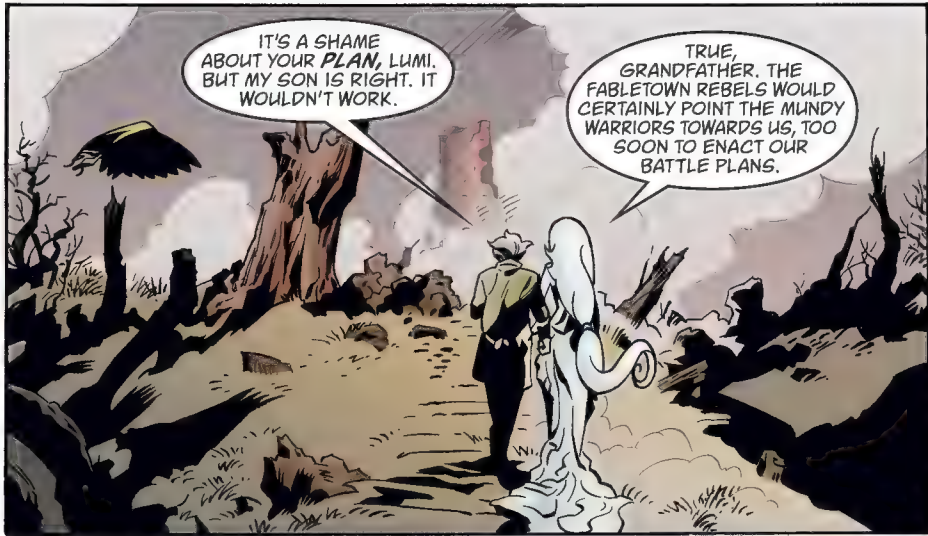
GOOD.

YOU'VE SERVED THE EMPIRE WITH ADMIRABLE FIDELITY.



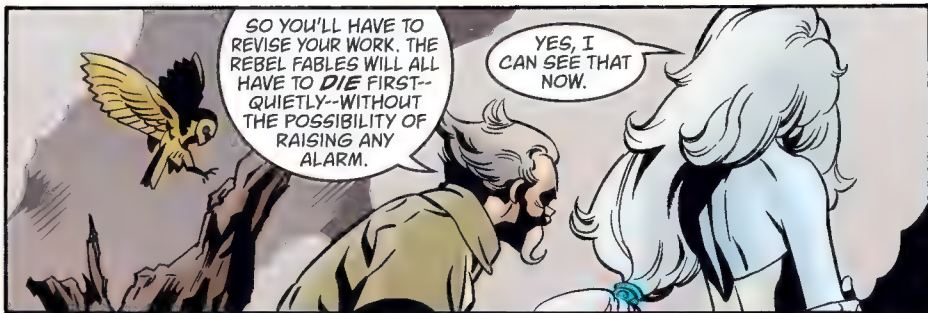
AND YOU CAN RETIRE NOW.





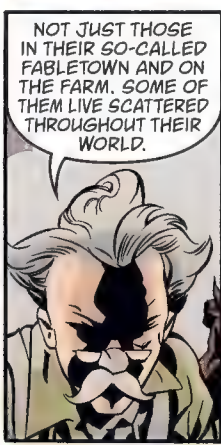
IT'S A SHAME ABOUT YOUR **PLAN**, LUMI. BUT MY SON IS RIGHT. IT WOULDN'T WORK.

TRUE, GRANDFATHER. THE FABLETOWN REBELS WOULD CERTAINLY POINT THE MUNDY WARRIORS TOWARDS US, TOO SOON TO ENACT OUR BATTLE PLANS.

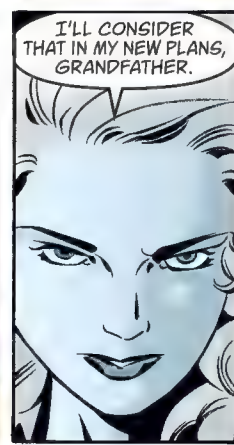


SO YOU'LL HAVE TO REVISE YOUR WORK. THE REBEL FABLES WILL ALL HAVE TO **DIE** FIRST--QUIETLY--WITHOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF RAISING ANY ALARM.

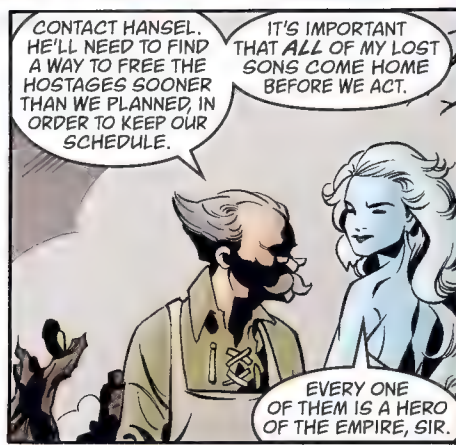
YES, I CAN SEE THAT NOW.



NOT JUST THOSE IN THEIR SO-CALLED FABLETOWN AND ON THE FARM. SOME OF THEM LIVE SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THEIR WORLD.



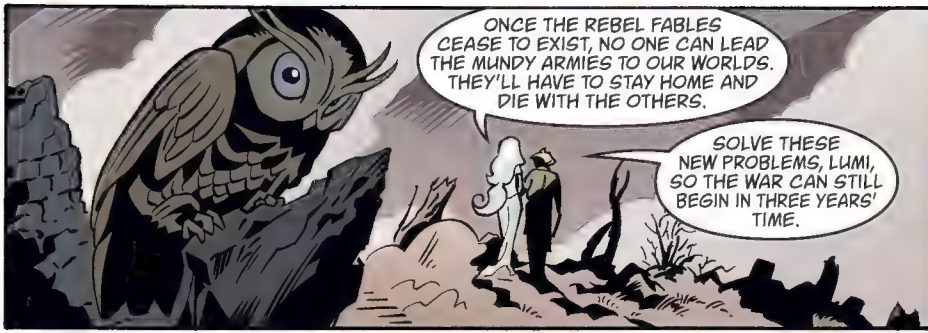
I'LL CONSIDER THAT IN MY NEW PLANS, GRANDFATHER.



CONTACT HANSEL. HE'LL NEED TO FIND A WAY TO FREE THE HOSTAGES SOONER THAN WE PLANNED, IN ORDER TO KEEP OUR SCHEDULE.

IT'S IMPORTANT THAT **ALL** OF MY LOST SONS COME HOME BEFORE WE ACT.

EVERY ONE OF THEM IS A HERO OF THE EMPIRE, SIR.



ONCE THE REBEL FABLES CEASE TO EXIST, NO ONE CAN LEAD THE MUNDY ARMIES TO OUR WORLDS. THEY'LL HAVE TO STAY HOME AND DIE WITH THE OTHERS.

SOLVE THESE NEW PROBLEMS, LUMI, SO THE WAR CAN STILL BEGIN IN THREE YEARS' TIME.

The Road to Paradise

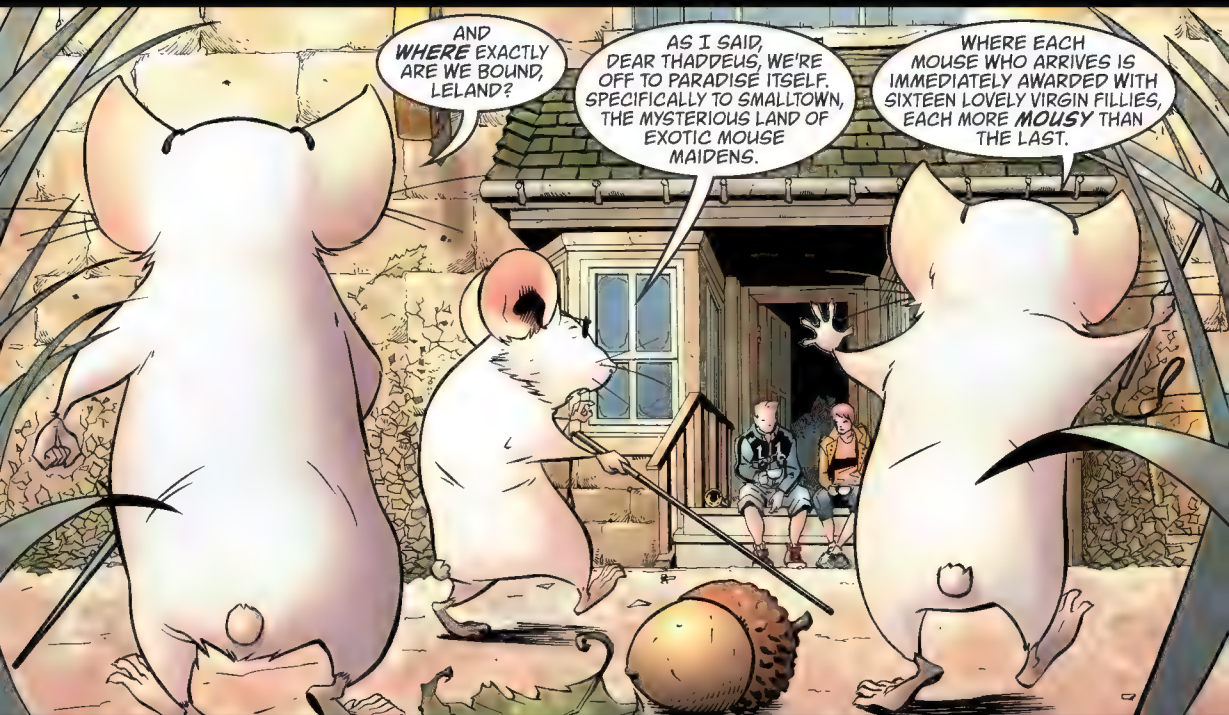
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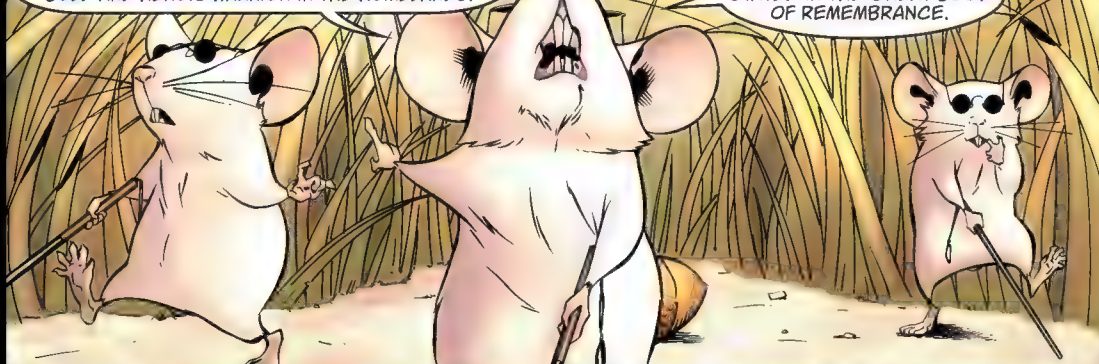
AND WHERE EXACTLY ARE WE BOUND, LELAND?

AS I SAID, DEAR THADDEUS, WE'RE OFF TO PARADISE ITSELF. SPECIFICALLY TO SMALLTOWN, THE MYSTERIOUS LAND OF EXOTIC MOUSE MAIDENS.

WHERE EACH MOUSE WHO ARRIVES IS IMMEDIATELY AWARDED WITH SIXTEEN LOVELY VIRGIN FILLIES, EACH MORE *MOUSY* THAN THE LAST.

EXACTLY, NOBLE PRESCOTT. EXACTLY! THE SIXTEEN VIRGINS ARE *GUARANTEED* TO ANY MOUSE WHO WAS A BOLD AND HEROIC WARRIOR IN THE HOMELANDS.

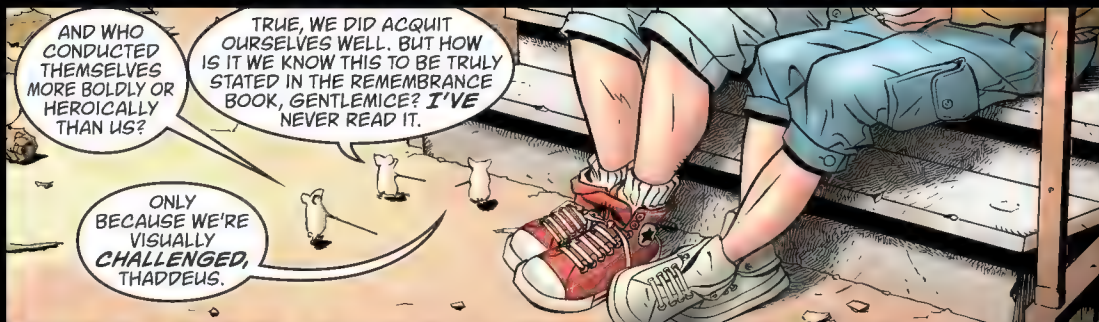
ALL OF WHICH IS STATED IN THE GREAT BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.



AND WHO CONDUCTED THEMSELVES MORE BOLDLY OR HEROICALLY THAN US?

TRUE, WE DID ACQUIT OURSELVES WELL. BUT HOW IS IT WE KNOW THIS TO BE TRULY STATED IN THE REMEMBRANCE BOOK, GENTLEMICE? I'VE NEVER READ IT.

ONLY BECAUSE WE'RE VISUALLY CHALLENGED, THADDEUS.





BUT IF SUCH AN OBVIOUS PROMISE WERE NOT IN THE BOOK, ONE OF THE SIGHTED FABLES WOULD **CERTAINLY** HAVE MENTIONED IT BY NOW.

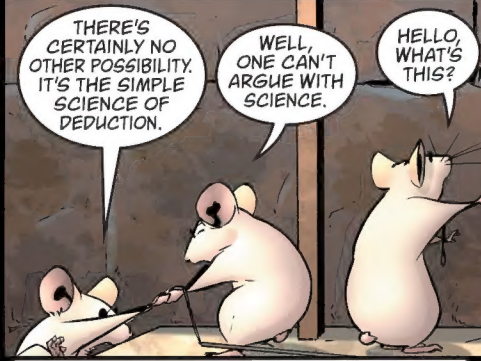
TRUE. IN ALL OUR YEARS HERE, NO ONE HAS EVER SAID SUCH A PROMISE IS **NOT** IN THE BOOK.

UNIMPEACHABLE PROOF INDEED.



AND HOW DO WE KNOW WE'RE HEADED THE RIGHT WAY TO SMALLTOWN, HONORABLE LELAND?

SINCE NO ONE HAS STOPPED US TO INDICATE WE **AREN'T** HEADED IN THE CORRECT DIRECTION, IT'S OBVIOUS WE ARE.



THERE'S CERTAINLY NO OTHER POSSIBILITY. IT'S THE SIMPLE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

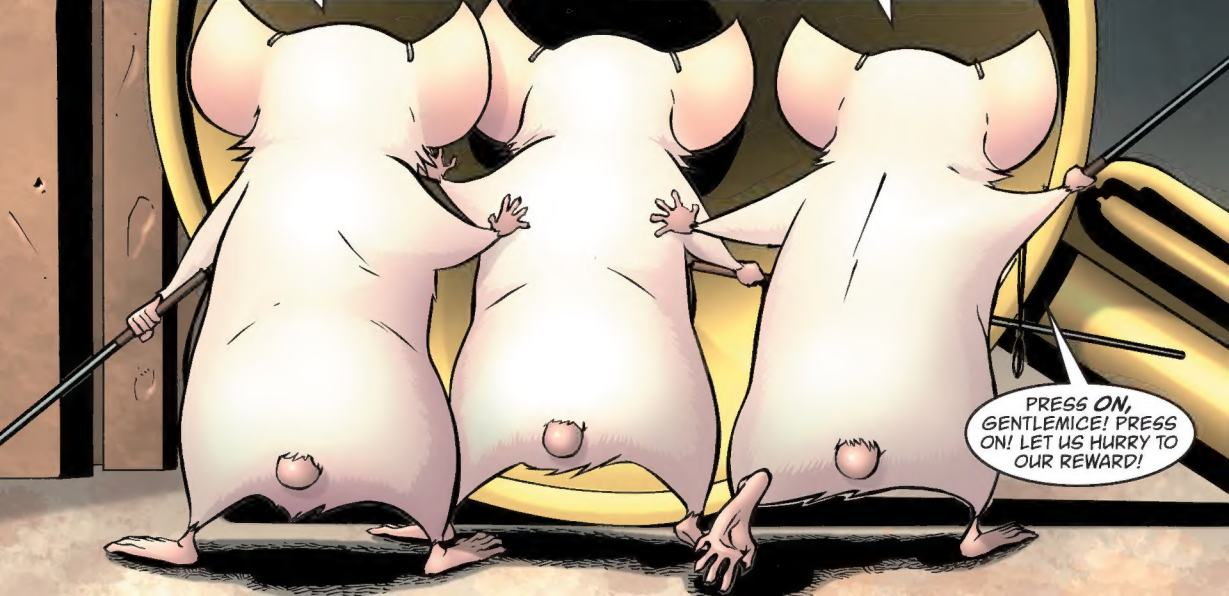
WELL, ONE CAN'T ARGUE WITH SCIENCE.

HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?

TINK TINK

A CIRCULAR DOORWAY, CONSTRUCTED OF SOME MELODIOUSLY RESOUNDING METAL. THIS MIGHT BE THE ENTRANCE TO SMALLTOWN.

IT **MUST** BE! BECAUSE IN ALL OUR YEARS HERE, NO ONE HAS EVER SAID THE ENTRANCE TO SUCH A PARADISE IS NOT BOTH CIRCULAR AND METALLIC.

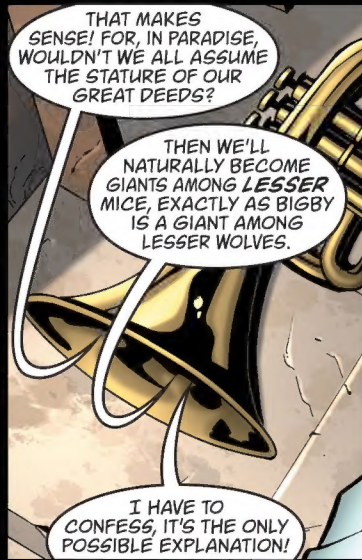


PRESS ON, GENTLEMICE! PRESS ON! LET US HURRY TO OUR REWARD!



WHAT SORCERY IS THIS? AS WE PROCEED DEEPER INTO THE PASSAGEWAY, THE WALLS CLOSE IN ON US FROM ALL SIDES!

UNLESS IT ISN'T A CASE OF THE PASSAGEWAY GETTING SMALLER, RATHER COULD IT BE THAT WE'RE GROWING LARGER?



THAT MAKES SENSE! FOR, IN PARADISE, WOULDN'T WE ALL ASSUME THE STATURE OF OUR GREAT DEEDS?

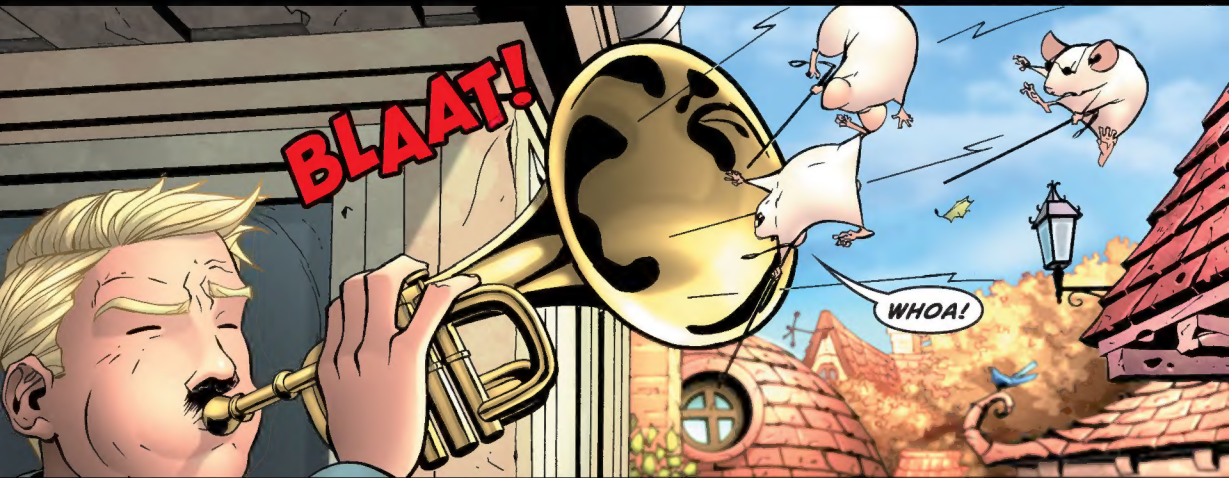
THEN WE'LL NATURALLY BECOME GIANTS AMONG LESSER MICE, EXACTLY AS BIGBY IS A GIANT AMONG LESSER WOLVES.

I HAVE TO CONFESS, IT'S THE ONLY POSSIBLE EXPLANATION!



EXCUSE ME, ROSE RED. I HAVE TO CLEAR SOME GUNK FROM MY HORN.

ZOUNDS! WHAT SUDDEN VERTIGINOUS DEVELOPMENT IS THIS?



BLAAT!

WHOA!



WHAT HAPPENED?

I THINK WE'VE BEEN MAGICALLY TRANSPORTED TO THE LAND OF WONDERS! THIS CAN ONLY BE FABLED SMALLTOWN!

QUICK! FIND THE WOMEN!

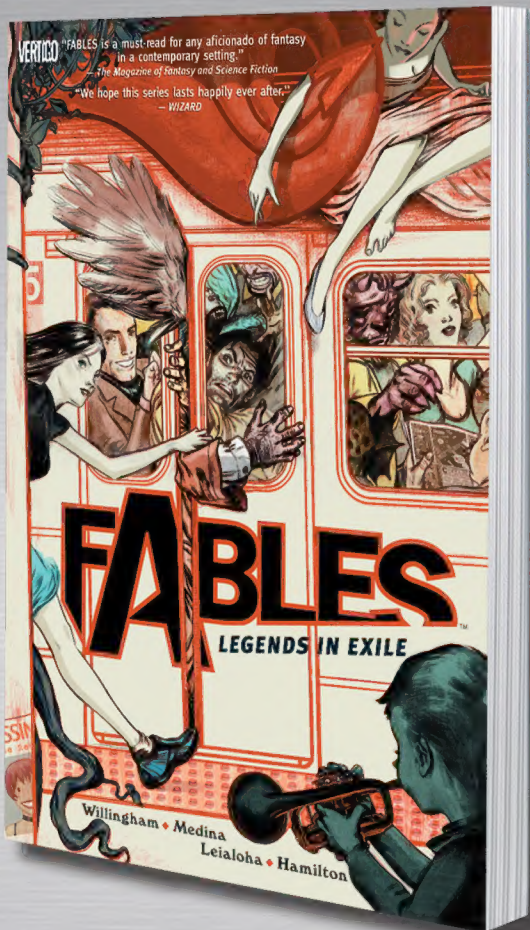
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BILL WILLINGHAM

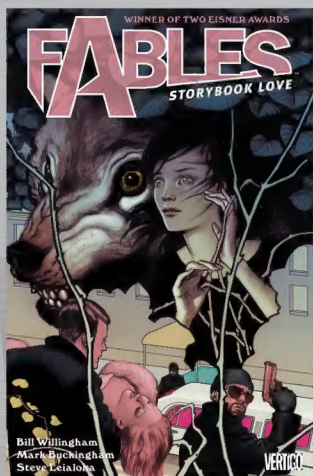
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– THE WASHINGTON POST



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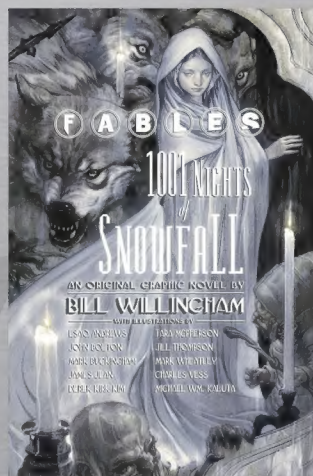
FABLES VOL. 3:
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FABLES VOL. 6:
HOMELANDS

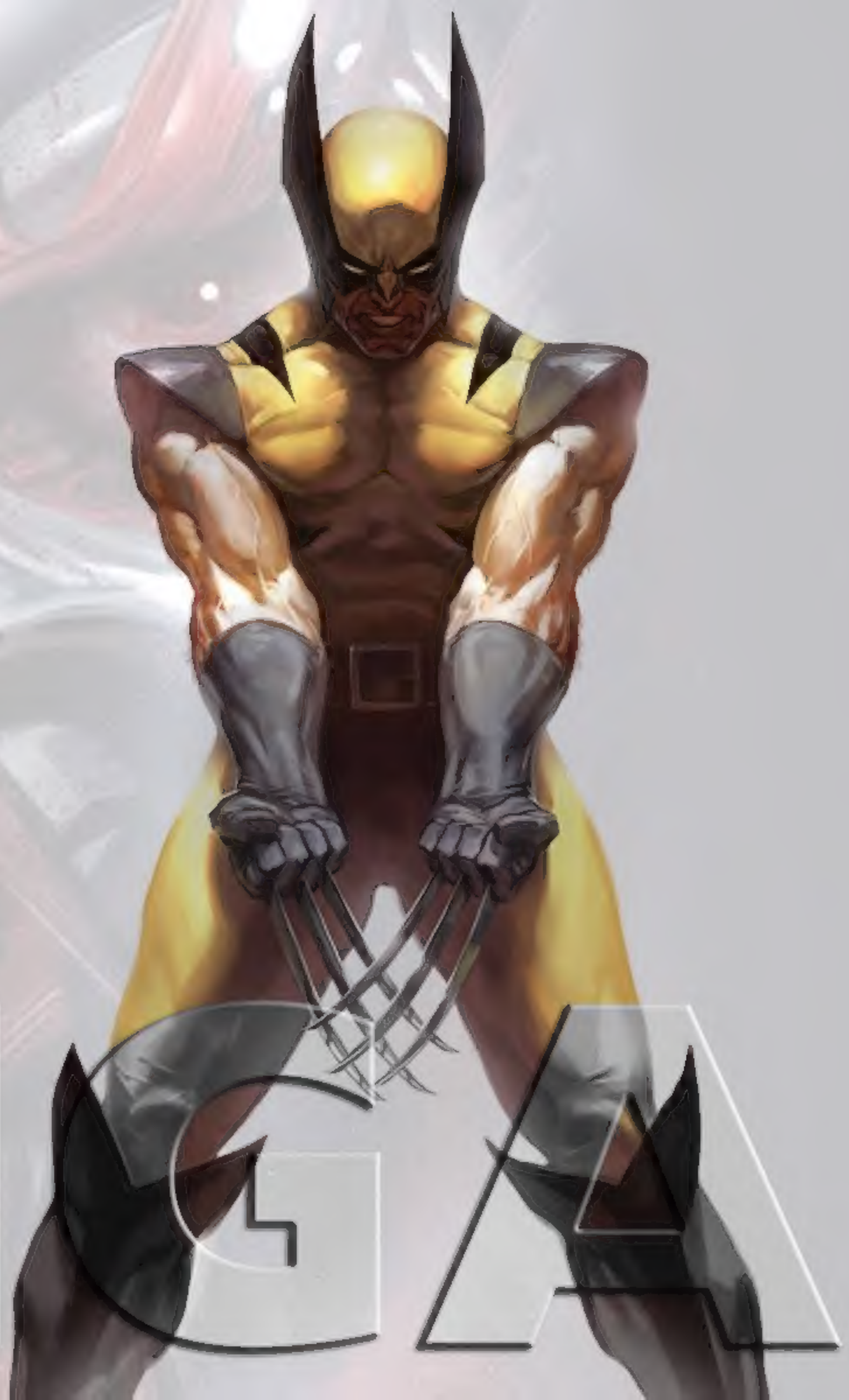


FABLES:
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NATHAN